

of pure curbons acid in a plusi tistend of two continua. A paper was wrapped around the pulai when he carried it out. and the dector, being occupied at the time, supposed, mechanically, that the seid had been Clared with water, though he reald not remember whether or tot be has entered dilution or the prescription flat this thought was quite perfunctory When however, he applied the pure acid the woman chrisked to agony. He saw there that been a mistake, and enatoming a battle of olive oil from his est, he powered its prothe tortured His first thought had been for Octave, and so he merely showed surpriswhen the aremun cried out, and raid Strange, strange, madam, that it should not that way. The discuse has token a

After the woman had been given care he put the phint in his trousers pocket and seeve away ewilly to the fittle chemiet's shop. In his auxiety he had not put to the copk of the plual tightly, so presenting he was wild with pain the k-en acid are like fire into be skin, and yet with the excitable cofrelicking down the frond he could do no more than were the half empty to the and fling it away, and the colt, feeling the white daily dailed on to the little chemthe winy, daried on to the little chemists. The doctor facroid cathed Metal-ion, who was passing, to bold the before, and resolve into the shop, said to Octave in a low your "Come, quiek; you've affled me and the woman too," and then plane and the brokeshop. The little chemist was not present—to had been called out of the village, and Octave was along. So, reserving the shop

The little clemate was not present—he had been called out of the willing, and Getave was alone. So, resigning the slop to the honesty of his customers, by desupported after the Gottor. The acid had called into the doctor's leg and hap a good had into, but though his black yes were starting out with pain, he said nothing all a graduate of all had been pourful, and then the said the with a grap he whappened the area. But he had been been all the with a grap he whappened the area. The when he saw the hor's de-E, boty hat, you've done if the But when he saw the boy's do spair-the poor hip or fellow who supported his Protestant mother and protected her from the persecutions of a Gallic father-the middle. "But we'll try and pull the thing through; non chira. Never say die."

(Copyrigin, 1895, by Bacheller, Johnson & Racheller).

R was a bad day for Othere Romon when he handed the doctor two concest of pure curbons acid in a plust itstead of two continua. A paper was wrapped around the point when he carried it out. out in expostribition and reproach, and charged the doctor with killing his wife. charged the doctor with killing his wise.
And if it was not the doctor, then it must
have been Octave. In any case, he was
excited, and facting the celebrity the
scandal gave him and encouraged by the
late doctor's rival, he went on with it. so that within I wently-four hears the purish knew that Octave's safety was in danger, and his place ned his mother's inveltoced as wel! He and the little chemist knew that an other of the law was going down to the little chemist's shop that wently the present of Medal. night to demand the prescription. Medal-lion went down first and asked Octave to show I'm the book. There the prescription ras passed into the shi in the beaf in it-toper place affil duly namb red, a deadly cyclence against Octave. Medallion has little time to think, for

even as Octave, very still and pale, banded the prescription book back to the little



"Come Quick: You've Killed Me and

chemist, who was also as pale and stift Mission, the officer, entered, and presently usked the little chemist to let him see the prescription book. Mechallon know the man's nature, and immediately drew him be unded "But we'll try and pull the thing through; mon chees. Never say dim, "Then octave said that he had been touch worried by troublescene rundomers and had long bours and lathe sleep because of his mather's illness, and he had read two counces for two drachins. "Where's the prescription asked the decree wineing servity from the pain. "In the prescription Look," Octave answered. "Well, it's got to stay there," said the doctor, shaking his head, rusfully. "We



The Woman Shrieked in Agony.

can't be unprofessional. We'll trust to law and the law alone for the book. As luck." be said the Octave watching intently,

Will the woman die?" asked Octave. The sloctor shook his head as he drew the "She was bound to die soon, anyhow," he was found to gar soon, any say, be answered, vaguely, for the was found of the her see admired him for his talents, his courage, and his goodness. Bundly has dispensing was prese and perfect, and he had practically taken the whole care of the business from the shoulders of the little the reputation for holding some important communities lightly, and there were those who even spoke to the Cure seriously about him, suggesting his removal, but the Cure was a man of discriment, and he chose not to see or hear certain things, and was ever courteque, even when two years passed and the doctor did not appear at mass. Octave's attitude was that of the Cute, for, grown wise before his time



"You've Burnt the Prescription."

ins poverly and care achieve in the young), be saw much to forgive, and that is a hard thing for a laid who thought be saw a hero

But there was another whom Octave cared for more than the doctor—that was Medallion, who wondered, as he held the colt, what was the matter with his owner. He knew the difference between the ex-periences for physical pain and mental distress, and this combination vexed him. istress, and this combination vexed him lie puzzied over the matter. He was a cort of grand inquisitor for the parish, and yet in the knothest way, for his hand was mostly armed to putting the crocked things straight, and in that he had plenty to do.

The day the woman died be got an inkling of the truth from Octave's white face, associated with a remark made to him by the dead woman's tustand, who said that there had been "something wrong somewhere."

But a year passed, and it is probable there never would have been any trouble about the thing save in Octave's own mind (for the doctor repeated that the woman would have died soon in any case), had not the doctor himself died suddenly in his office, and all his faults went to his grave with him.

That any of them should be resurrected was a pity, but so it was. Garon, in his

had mechanically and nervously folded up the paper nike a pill such as men use for | Eye. ghting their pipes. It was at this point an idea occurred

to Medallion. "Sit down a minute, and let's talk this over," he said to Malouin. Malouin, nething leath to argue the point, and seeing a number of curious people emissing the shop, saw a claime for a little drama, and sat down. Upon the a little draina, and sat down. Upon the counter were a number of small squares of paperused for p. wders, and Medallion began roiding them, as if nechanically, making them in length and width like the presciption paper in Octave's hand. Then they both began to till their papes, Medallion felling in a quick excited way, yet not in the least veited, and Maloun resonating with real in a quick excited way, yet not in the least excited, and Malouin responding with real excitement, as Medallion shot out point after point. Pressenty Medallion caught the prescription lightly away from Octave's fingers and laid it down on the counter be-tween bim and Malouin, vaying. "There's the paper. Now take it, and I'll stake my house against your old gray mare that the little chemist is right."

Malouin packed up the prescription and iaid it down again, but not quite in the same place. At that minute Medallion threw down the spills he had made, as if in threw do wn the spins he had made, as if in emphasis hear the prescription on the co.5n her, and prescritly took one of them and, lighting if at the lamp, lit his pipe. Ma-louin, too, stood up to h-dd his pipe to the lamp. At that histant Medallion said. "Take a spill," and looking Malouin in ie eyes, swittly picked one up and handed the eyes, switty pieces one up and hander it to him, saying something so handrous that even Malouin himself joined in the laugh. Holding the spill to the lamp, his face half turned to Medallion, he lighted it and held it to his pipe. It burnt to the last shred. Then it was that Octave, who had been standing dazed and strange, said to Majouit

"You-you've barnt the prescription!"
It was so-burnt unread. And Medallion, as if the thing 18 d been only a mistake and a joke, sat back-and laughed. But Malouin, with an oath, went out into the street, and somehow or another, the matter

But Dr. Octave Ramon, in his dispensary at Quebec, still remembers with a strange feeling the night that he lay crying from excitement in Medailion's room, while Medallion buttimed playfully:

us ctions trois capitaines De la guerre revenant, Brave, brave, De la guerre revenant Bravement."

Buit Your Hooks, Boys. No time now for wishin' Fortune was in sight; 'treams are full o' fishin' Goodness, how they bite!

> Down the corks goes-Throbs and buns: Higher up the Catfish comes!

(How those fellows tugt) Ain't it fun a-fishin'? (Lookout for the jug!)

Downthe cork goes-Throbs and hums, Higher up The catrish comes

undertakers' convention, held in the City of New York. And much that was of purely professional anterest, there were one or two points that appeal to our common or two points that appeal to our common times asked how I write my clories. In humanity. An enterprising firm has, it is laify's mouth the question runs, "Oh, seems, invented (and let me harten to add.") Mr. Fly, how do you think of these levely patented) a contrivance for producing a smile on the tace of the corpse with unfailing certainty. (The invention was work even on a Fretch corpse.) This is something new. We have, of course, all read that

There was a young lady of Riga. Who went for a ride on a treer, They returned from the ride

With a lady inside, And a smile on the Jace of the tiger. But there the tiger was the corpse only in

edary and philosophical term; the American system is more thorough-going. Thomeans adopted were not revealed probably they sit by the coffin and praise the civic adminis-However der regard for the

feeling of the surviving relatives which is extreme-YOUNG LADY OF rather hard to RIGA.

RIGA reconcile with the statement (which I plean item the same source) that it is by so means an uncommon times for the passibilities of New York to be asked to lend money on corpus and bones. If mey, so doubt, he asked with some plansibility, why a finan THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY OF

hould go supmother indaw, and why a person who would gladly have

Findly have AND A SMILE ON THE colleged you FACE OF THE TIGER with a lean in his lifetime should object to help you to circ after his deale. Still, the practice seems rather callous. Perto help you to ete after his deam. Still, the practice seems rather callons. Perhaps the story is not true. I used to believe all American stories until my faith was shaken by that one about the poor halp whose humble apartments had such low roofs that she and her husband were never able to have anything but soles for dinner. This seems very improbable because any sensible people would, under such conditions, have taken their meals at a restaurant. restaurant

THE EVIL EYE.

We believe in everything nowndays (so ong as it is not in the fible, of course)in palmistry, spirs rapping, ghosts, and all the rest. Why should we not take up the Evil Eye. It is a most picture-sque uperstition, and Mr Elworthy has written wenderful book about it. Saul was ettatore, "And Soul eved David from that jetlatore. "And Scall eyed David from that day forward." We read. Narcissus fascin-ated for evil-eyed; himself, and thus came to his end. The unhappy gift is found in most benevolent and excellent people, for example, the late Pope Pio Nono was com-monly believed to exercise. I, and many instances are given or the fatalities which beful buildings that he had blessed. This beful buildings that he had blessed. hereil fundangs that he had blessed. This circumstance must be admitted to be pe-cultarly unfortunate. There is a variety called jettatura sospensiva: a litigont told Mr. Elworthy that, having met one who exercised this power as he went to court, his case was adjourned sine die, if, however, the cose had been in the criti-mal courts he would have objected less. If you wish to be safe you can carry a woll's tail or the sain of a heem's forewolf's tail or the skin of a you happen to have such a thing failing these, borrow your haby's lls: also, when in conversation by your. Jaming these, both in conversation with a jettatore always stable with you will obwhich a period court hack, as you will observe many people doing in the streets of Naples (this is Mr. Elworthy's observation), and almost all schoolboys doing in the presence of the master (this is my own bservation). So much, then, for the Evil A DENUNCIATION.

"Yours is the silkiest, waviest hair in the world." Loud laughter "Why? There is nothing to laugh at Indeed, it is likely enough that the writer deceived himself, as



"How Came the Town?"

lovers will, and that there is other hair in world as wavy and silky. But this hard fact gives no cause for laughter; the delusion is pathesis, if you will, and to my thinking pretty, but in no way ridiculous. Yet because the words were read out in the course of a breach of promise case, there way food laughter.' I allow myself to be moved to indignation as seldom as possible (I am so familiar with villaging in a possible (I am so familiar with villains in a professional way that they have no power to stir me, but I consider the conduct of the audience in breach of promise cases 'real men.' Ninetenths of these miserable humburs have said and written and thought exactly the said and written and thought community of these misera.

same sort of thing themselves, with jost as much or as little reason for my part I have much or as little reason for my part I have no doubt that the hair was silky and wavy, though for several reasons of my own I can't admit the superlatives); but when missortune has fallen on the poor romance and it is dragged into the garish light of publicity, they gather round and mock at it like a parcel of ghouls. I wonder how they anfacetheir wives or husbands (res. madam, and to the light of the cause of the loll what it may, we may is able thing seemed at one time likely to two opposing camps, each party carrying with it its tands of adherents and being pursued by the angry crus of its opponents, a play would tell you, not indeed what its a glance at a novel, or the mere title of would tell you what it we hat they would be de-maper and b pensive smile, touched to tenderness by recollection and sympathy; but this hooting is intolerable. Nor can it be justified on the ground that, as the nature of the case indicates, the gentleman has changed his mind. Again, I charge nine-tenths of them with having changed their mind at one time or another; and the fact that the ardor which inspired the words grew cold is matter for gentle crief. Not being might

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In the course of my Sunday reading the other day I came upon an account of the undertakers' convention, held in the City and New York. Amed much that was of the New York. Amed much that was of the New York. AN AUTHOR'S "METHOD"

People are very polite, and I am some

> Mr. Fly, how do you think of these lovely stories?" In the mouth of a man it is, "I say Fly, old chap, how the deuce do you turn out all that stuff of yours?" This question—for it is the same in different forms—may be easily disposed of in two ways. The writer may string his shoulders, give a rarcless smile, and remark: "Well, I toppious I do write prity casily." This is effective enough, but perhaps it is better to frown, to sigh, to reggest that the wind bloweth whither it listeth and when, and that you really do not know how those divine things get themselves written (some unkind person). do not know how these divine things get thenselves written (Some unkind person occally femarked of a royed dealing with high society that it was like the kingdom of heaven, in that it came not by observation.) But for my part, I love to answer a question horself, and am all for cander. I don't want to make a secret of my method." I think it can lest be exhibited in the form of a diary—the record of a day. Let us suppose that I am bedden to write a short story. I arrive at my working den at 6.45 and read my letters. The rest of the day is much as follows:

10.00-Put 01 writing coal; find a hole in the elbow. 10.03-Light pipe and sit down in large armetiair by fire. 10.15-Who the deuce can write a story on a benefty day like this? (It was quite nice weather really— that's the artistic

rest of the day is much as jollows:

temperament.) 10.45-I must confounded story. Besides, I con't believe she meant any thing after all.

WHO THE DEUCE CAN WRITE A STORY ON A DAY LIKE THIS?"

LIKE THIS?"

11.15.—I wish the —— these —— people tends 't asked me to write for their —— paper!

11.45.—Hailo! Will that do?
12.00.—Hang it, that's no use!
12.30.—I suppose if I happened to have a head ossteld of a turnip I could write that story.

12.40.—Yes N.' B. Jove, yes! Where's that pen? 'Oh, where the —— All right here it is! Now, then! (Scribble) '

1.00.—Lamel! Geod, I believe it's gome!
1.30.—Now I'll just knock it off. (Scribble.)

3:50-I must pad it, you know. She accepting the fool, though; it's absurd, you know.
4:15-Oh, confound it!
4:45-Now, let's see-two, four, six, seven Good! I'm in the straight. 5:00.—Think heaven, that's done! Now I suppose I must reed the thing over I know it's awful rot. Well,

that's their lookout, they've bought 5.03 - It's not so bed, though, after all 5.11 - I rather like that I den't know, but it seems rather original. 5:15 - H'm! I've read worse stories than

5:15.—H'm! I've read worse stories than this.
5:20.—No. I'm hanged if I teech a word of it. It's not helf bad.
5:25.—Pretty smarr coding.
5:30.—Well, if there are a dezen men in England who can write a better story than that I should like to see 'em, that's all.
5:35.—Puff, puff, puff, puff! Well, I shan't touch a pen again to-day. There it is—How a Story is Written, by One Who Has Done It. Other "emiment writters" may pursue other methods. Some, I believe, take country walks or country. believe, take country walks or country ottages. Others work a steady two hours cottages. Others work a recady two hours and "collect impressions" (which may be very good (un) in receity for the rest of the day. Others wait for inspiration (there have private means). The above record embalins my particular method. It will be observed that the nominal working day is rather long, but there are ample cases of desaltory reflection. There are also about two hours of acute misery and bitter relf-contempt. Still, the ultimate result is highly satisfactory to myself, and I be-

leve that any author who pursue smy method will produce results equally ratisfactory to myself.

The only drawback is that a friend who enters while I am incubating my ideas in the warmth of the armehair always musts that I am askep, this is injurious and offensive. I have described the succession and offensive. I have described the suc-ceeding morning is devoted to the process of "wortying." Worrying is the fiteams by which an author seeks to attain an elegant style and correct grammar. With this object he worries his manuscript, inserting here a highly colored epithet, deleting there a split infinitive (it is very hard not to occasionally spit your infinitives), or the superfluouss "ands" before his "whiches"

Is IT PEACE, JEHU?

The storm of controversy concerning the aims and temfracies, merits and demerits of modern plays and novels, seem to be gradually and slowly dying away. Probably—or, we may make bold to say, certainly—the public has become bored with it; perhaps the controversialists nave said all they have to say, or, at least, all that anybody asks them to say. Be the cause of the hull what it may, we may heartily be thankful for it. A very regreta play would tell you what its nærits were, but what they would be de-clared to be in this or that paper and by this or that critic. Its defects in the eyes of another organ of opinion and another school of commentators could be predicted time or another; and the fact that the ardor which inspired the words grew cold is matter for gentle grief, not noisy mirth. If the words were in a storybook or a play there would be fo laughter. Yet they would be equally silly "I have forgot why I did call thee back." said she "Let" school of commentators could be predicted with equal certainty. On the one side were to stand the "wholesome." Dooks, on the other the "unwholesome." This is the language of the conservative critics; they would be equally silly "I have forgot why I did call thee back." said she "Let" wholesome to stand the "wholesome." This is the language of the conservative critics; they would be equally silly "I have forgot why I did call thee back." said she "Let" wholesome to stand the "wholesome." This is the language of the conservative critics; the stranger.

"We lynched 'em."—Chicago Times Herald.

st," "namby-pamby" with "true," etc. ioth sides were fertile, brilliant, and per-gussive in assant, but perhaps less happy in constructive teaching, and both cried in constructive teaching, and both cried to the puzzled author. "You are at the parting of the ways. Under which banner will you fight? Whichever you choose, half the literary world will approve, half condemn, and perhaps your publisher, succumbing to a temptation almost too strong for human nature, may in eynical playfulness exhibit the divergent judgments in the piquant proximity of parallel columns."

olumns. CUPID AND THE CENSUS MAN. Capid had tried hard to escape, for bove all things in heaven and earth, heates having to

give an account of himself. But e census man named, and ran him to earth in Luinge's draw-ingroom, a place which he knew ways been most him with a large sheet of pa many columns, tand and a quill

Age, please?" CUPID HATES TO GIVE AN ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF. said the cereus

"I don't know," said Cupid, "Entil cou've settled the age of the world, you ee, I can hardly tell."
"But," expostulated the census man, you don't look more than a few years old,"
"I seldon last more than that, you see," at Cupid.

Shall we say three years? Small we say three years?
"He you like. It's rather long."
"And now let us pass on..."
"It's a thing I'm very apt to do," inter-upted Capid.
"To the next head."

You mean heart," murmured Cupid.

What is your profession."
"My professions are unlimited," said Co "But you can't practice an unlimited..."
"Of course not: I only promise." "Really, you must be more precise," ghed the census man, "Now, what am

to enter you as, Mr Copid.
Cupid thought for a moment, playing with is shear of arrows.
"Shall we say a general dealer." he sug-'Capital!" cried the census man, put-

ing it down.
"Though," added Cupid, "I am also a solicitor." Qualified?" asked the census man, sus-"I have been admitted many times," smiled Capid, "I am also a dancing master, and I am instrumental in getting ip a great many baznars, picnics, and other entertainments."

"You must be very basy," observed the ceasus man, writing hard.

"What's the next question?" asked Capid, smiling again.

Eves of azure, smile div

niling agam.

smiling agam.

"Your perseasion, Mr. Cupst?"

"Irrestable," answered Cupst.

"I have never heard of that sect," objected the census man.

"Of course, if you're only to put down what you happen to have heard of—"began Cupst, sarvastically.

"I beg your pardon, sir. See, it is down, irresistible." And now, sir.—"
But at this moment Lalage entered. Cupid strung his bow, and the census man forpor his business, so that the return remains incomplete.

turn remains incomplete.

Mr. Miles Gindboy is stout. "But where," he once asked, "is the harm? It is but the alluvial deposit of Time's floort".

"You mean adipose," remarked a Gir-"You mean adipose," remarked a Girton girl.
"Doubtness, my dear," said Mr. Gladbry, with a sigh.
The duchess was more encouraging.
"Do not mind being stout. I am stout
myself," said she, affably.
"It is very groot of your grace," murmured Mr. Gladboy.

TOWN AND COUNTRY. It was the second day that they had ent in the country. They had sat



There Was Loud Laughter. ape, when the poet turned to Mr. Gladboy, crying, "God made the country, my friend. How came the town?"

"I should attribute its rise to a gradually rowing sense of chimi," answered Mr. HOW THEY STOPPED LYNCHING

They Went Out After the Would-Be Lynchers and Worked With Them. He wore a buckskin suit and wide-brimmed ant. The revolvers at his beit looked as if they had seen considerable use, but he

was quiet when the stranger in the smoking car draw him into conversation. "Yes. I've been pretty tough," he said, I guess we all have out as Bloody Gulch. but we have got over it. Got religion, you know. A fellow came through there last week with a gospel cart and he got all the boys out and talked to 'em good and hard. he said a lot about how a rellow should be known by his deeds, and not by the bluff he put up. He said his work was what counted, and not the guff. So we all got thinking bout what tough critters we were and we made up our minds to try a new way."

"To be good?" asked the stranger.
"That's it, that's the stuff exactly."
said the man with the big revolvers.
"We were going to be god and start a regular old reform wave shooting around the guich. There's been a lot of lynching out there, you know, so we took that in superfluouss "ands" belote his "whiches" things cropping on over in Thackeray, and such than some say that if you are pressed for time this process? may be cmutted, seeing that, from a cen marked point of view, it is a waste of time, and moreover tends to a waste of time, and moreover tends to dumnish the reviewer's stock of harm-time the process. The process of t which many each that if you are the state of the state of the same and moreover tends to duminish the reviewer's stock of harmless pleasures. Yet an unpopular writer should by no means omit it; it preserves self-respect in the face of a neglectful world. As for speking, they spell very fairly well at the typewriter's.

A RETRACTION.

A RETRACTION.

A RETRACTION.

A RETRACTION.

A RETRACTION.

On an anti-lynching league, I was a humber of twenty-four hours, and they done it. too."

"Organized an anti-lynching league, I was a humber of the stranger."

"Organized an anti-lynching league, I take it," said the stranger,
"That's what it was, and it was a hummer. We just waited our chance to ketch some of the tough fellers that was taking the law into their own hands, and we got it. We heard of a lynching that was comm' off that very night. We organized our reform committee. Some of the fellers from the other end of the gulch had located a local that was come out for a hoss thief, and they was going out to string him up. Well, stranger, a hoss thef is a pretty duried mean sort of a critter, and I ain't got much use for 'em myself, but religion is religion, and if a feller's got it I reckon he's got to stick to it. So we went out after the lads that was going to break the heart like f and we campbt 'm to lynch the hoss thief, and we caught 'en about a mile up the gulch. We saved the hoss thief, stranger, and we labored with the lynchers good and hard-just like the Gospel feller said we should."

"You bet we was. There ain't been a You bet we was. There and toeen a lynching in the gulch since that night. When we want reform you bet we get it, and get it quick, and everybody knows that we mean business. There can't be no mistake about that."

"What did you do with the lynchers?"



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At the barrack gate she sits, Elly Considio Now she dozes, now she knits. While the sunshine, through the slits Of the trellised trumpet-vine, Warms old Eily Considine, Warms her heart that long ago, Set the Regiment aglow!

> Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen Than Eileen: Lips that flamed like scarlet wine,

Eyes of azure, smile divine-Is that you, Selling apples

Where the gilded sunlight dapples Etty Considine?

I remember your first beau, Etty Considing That was years ago, I know; Do you ever think of Stowe-Stowe, Bentement in the line-Shot by Sioux in '59?'

Do you sometimes think of Gray? "Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen Than Ellean

Lips that flame like scarlet wine. Eves of agure, smile divine-Is that you Selling apples

Wherethegildedsunlightdappies. NOW SHE DOZES, NOW SHE KNITS Eily Considine?

First came Fairfax of the Staff.

Eily Considing: You forgave him with a hugh-You're too generous by half. Years ago he died-'twas wine Killed him-'twas a death of shame Yet in death he cried your name!

Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen Than Eileen: Lips of flame, like scarlet wine Eyes of azure, smile divine-

Is that you Selling apples Where the gilded sunlight dappler Elly Considino?



After Donaldson came Hurse: He it was who wrote this verse: "Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen Than Effeen: Lips that flame like scarlet wind, Sves of agure, smile divine-Is that you Selling apples where the golden sunlight

Elly Considine?"

If you went when Fairfax left,

Surely Donaldson was deft

To console a soul hereft

In so very brief a time-

Lonely Eily Considing.

dapples.

Eily Considing.

SWEETER COLLEEN NEVER WAS SEEN.

Santa Anna settled Hurse, Effy Considine: Then it went from bad to worse. Yet, if your love was a curse, Bless me with this curse divine. Bless me, Eily Considinct-Phantom dim of long ago. Misty, faint and sweet-I know Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen Than Eileen: Lips that flamed like scarlet

> Eyes of azure, smile divine-Is that you Selling apples Where the golden sunlight dapples,

wine,

Eily Considine?

I MUST STIR MY WOODEN LEG. At the barrack gate she sits,

Elly Considine, Now she dozes, now she knits, And the sunshine, through the slits In the trellised trumpet vine Falls on Elly Considine. I must stir my wooden leg-Sell my pencils-I can't beg. Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen Than Eileen. Lips of flame like scarlet wine, Eves of azure, smile divine"-

> Is that you! Selling apples Where the golden sunlight dapples, Etly Considine?